

Sketch

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Poem

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Poem

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Abstract

Alone I wait. Quietness-and held blunt against it a page turned in the room leaves slip still
outside girl's voices a car moving a ringing phone feet in the corridor..



Come back, Warm Valley:
Touch me once again . . .

* * *

In the middle,
the end is endless:
Beginnings are obscure, forgotten.

—Larry Mark, *Ag. Grad.*



Alone
I wait.
Quietness — and held blunt against it
a page turned in the room
leaves slip still outside
girl's voices
a car moving
a ringing phone
feet in the corridor.

You come.
Warmness
a pulse pressing my throat
pushing down the quiet till it cries out
and I am laughing
pulling a comb through my hair
opening the door
walking softly to you.

—Jo Brown, *H. Ec. Jr.*